

The

PINKERTON

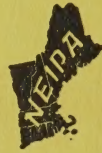
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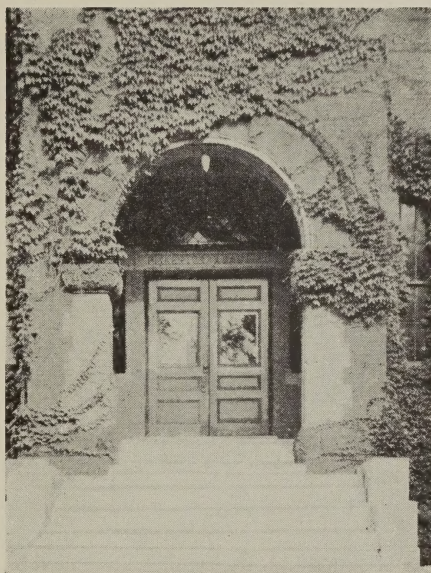
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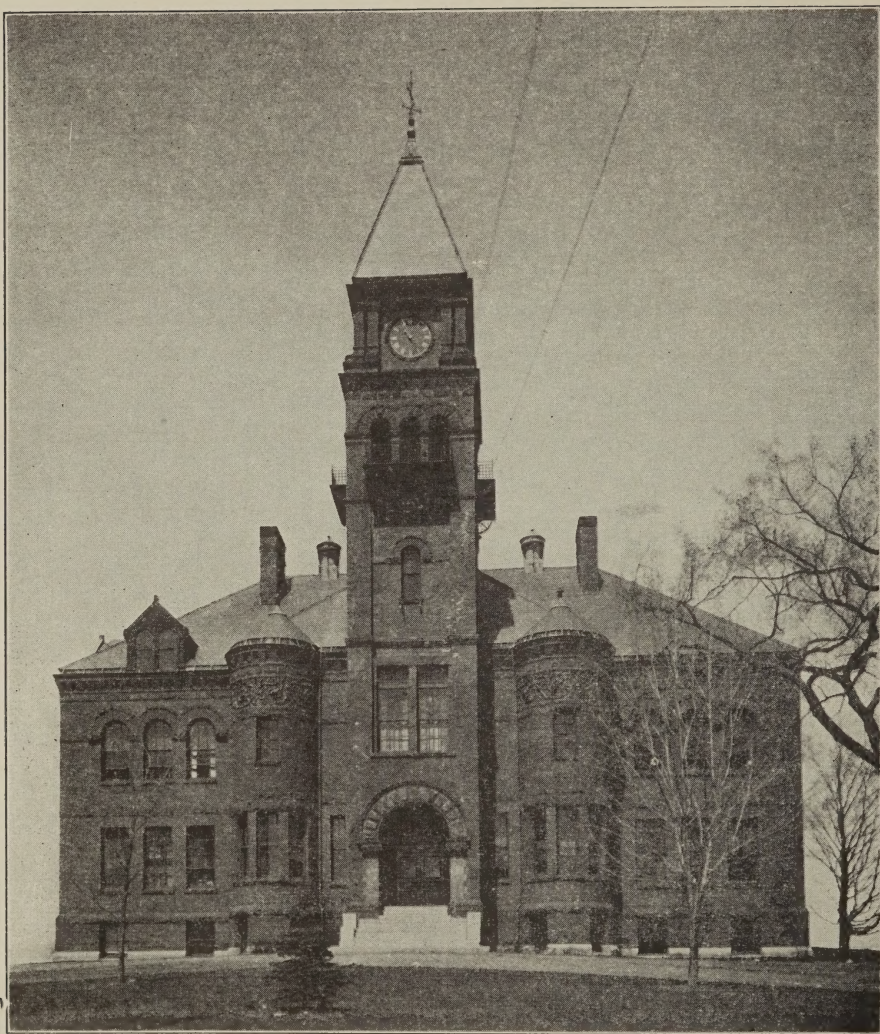
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-- Pinkerton --



Derry Village,
N. H.





EDITORIAL



GOSSIP

Why has it been that since the beginning of time people have taken things they hear the wrong way? Why do people have to spread gossip like wild fire without first knowing the truth? And why do people talk so much anyway? To satisfy a strong instinct that cannot be suppressed by civilization?

Most people would reply to this question, "It's just human nature, I guess, so why worry about it?"

But what of our so-called "advanced" civilization, then, if it cannot graduate beyond this level? We should not rate our culture as high when the majority delight in spreading gossip. Should we?

The Editor

SCHOOL AND CLASS SPIRIT

Good school and class spirit is what a school, university, or academy thrives on. It is as essential to one's education as water is to man.

No matter whether one is an "honor student" or an "F student," a good spirit in this world helps spur him on to greater success, not only as he goes to his future classes but also as he ventures forth into the world.

A good spirit may be shown in many ways. One way in which we may show our school spirit is being willing to do whatever appears necessary to better the school conditions and classroom manners.

Another way to show it is being prepared to faithfully attend school functions and all games of sport. It is well to take an active part in them, also.

In the classroom itself, we should always be ready to show what we are capable of doing. We may not be as brilliant as our next-door neighbors, but we should allow ourselves to receive all the credit which is due us.

At school games, at public meetings, or in the classroom, being willing to co-operate by cheering, working, and not continually finding fault is a sign of good school and class spirit.

Alberta Garrett '42

THE TREASURES OF OLD AGE

When old age creeps in and beckons youth away, our adventures in friendship and neighborliness will count the most to us. These are the chimney-corner years. Our treasures are not necessarily the material things of life; but things such as letters we write to friends, almost insignificant deeds of kindness and love, and flowers, to make our lives filled to over-flowing with joy.

Phyllis Wilson '42

There's a time to part and a time to meet,

There's a time to sleep and a time to eat,

There's a time to work and a time to play,

There's a time to sing and a time to pray,

There's a time that's glad and a time that's blue,

There's a time to plan and a time to do,

There's a time to grin and to show your grit,

But there never yet was a time to quit.

Anonymous



LITERARY



NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR

A blue roadster sped down the main highway of Macville. Everybody who saw it knew that it was Larry Travis, just home for a vacation from a southern college.

All the townspeople except Diane Lovering, who had lived beside him since childhood days, liked and admired him. She had never spoken to him, for their families had been bitter enemies for two generations back. Diane's mother had said that the disagreement was over a boundary line between the Travis and Lovering estates. The disagreement grew so strong and the feeling so bitter that it finally resulted in the Loverings' building a huge wall all around their estate, shutting out the hatred between their family and the Travises. Diane had been taught from childhood what a snobbish family the Travises were and never to have anything to do with them, or she would be disowned.

Larry Travis was in a rather lonesome mood as he drove the car through the big lace-iron gates leading to his beautiful home. Lonesome because various schoolmates of his were having house parties over the vacation holidays, and he knew his father would object to his entertaining a group of noisy college chums.

Larry's two large Danes came running up to him, barking loudly in their excitement at seeing their young master again. As he got out of the car, they leaped joyfully upon him. This seemed to help him out of his downcast mood, for he went whistling into the house.

The butler told him his father was in the library and handed him some letters that had arrived. Larry tore them open, hoping against hope that one was from Bethel Van Lear, a girl friend of his, inviting him down to her home for the week-end; but no such luck. The only one that was of interest to him was an invitation to take part in a mixed tennis match that was going to take place the following day at the club.

Larry was very fond of tennis, having won the cup offered at the club the previous season. He was wondering if Marvis, the girl with whom he had played as partner, was in good practice.

After greeting his father he changed his clothes and started out to play a few sets of tennis to get in trim for the next day. He played several fast games of tennis with a few old friends of his; then the group of them went down to the club pool for a swim.

There were several young people in swimming, and the most beautiful girl he had ever seen stood posed on the spring board, ready for a perfect dive. Larry studied the boyish figure several seconds; something seemed strangely familiar about the little figure, so sure of herself on the diving board.

As she shot out with perfect strokes for the opposite side of the pool, Larry made a clean dive after her, vowing to himself he was going to get acquainted with such a peach of a little sport.

When his swift, fast strokes brought him up to the side of the white clad figure, he said, "Say! You made a perfect dive just then."

Two puzzled, beautiful eyes looked at him, and a cold realization came over him, for he had spoken to his neighbor, the Lovering girl, whom he had been taught to ignore ever since he could walk.

Diane didn't answer Larry, not that she didn't want to, because she couldn't help but admire his clean-cut profile. She had hated and admired him ever since she was a little girl. Hated him because she had been taught to, and admired him because he seemed to go out for every sport that she was interested in.

Larry, having realized that it was the Lovering girl whom he had spoken to, turned around and swam for the opposite end of the pool, climbed out, and dressed.

Diane thought to herself, "What a wonderful voice Larry possesses, and what dark curly hair he has." Despising herself for giving him a thought, Diane got out of the water, dressed, and started for home.

Larry didn't sleep well that night, for he was worrying about the match coming the next day. That and a pair of beautiful eyes haunted him until the early hours of morning. He put the match out of his mind finally, but not Diane's eyes. He could not forget the perfect dive she had made.

Larry admired sportsmanship in both sexes, but he had always thought that girls were not as good at sports as men. That was one reason why he couldn't forget her—because for once he had met a girl who was as nearly perfect in swimming as any man he had ever seen.

He awoke, not very refreshed after spending almost a sleepless night, and started for the club. He was thinking it was up to Marvis if they were to win

that day, for he felt too tired and discouraged to play a good game.

When he arrived at the club, once more discouragement awaited him, and that was the worst of all. Marvis couldn't play because of sickness, and a substitute had been put in her place.

When introduced to his partner, he was surprised to find that it was Diane Lovering. The beautiful girl whom he had admired was to be his partner.

The game was a fast and furious one, with Larry making fumble after fumble while Diane was answering every ball with sure swiftness. The game finally ended, the score being seven to five in their favor; but the credit belonged to Diane.

That night a banquet was given in their honor. Larry, being her partner, was obliged to escort Diane. The quarrel between the two families was soon forgotten; love at first sight had taken its place.

Robert MacWha '42

MY TRIP WITH COLUMBUS

It was the year 1492, and the week had come when Columbus expected to sail from Spain. He had not at this time found enough men who were willing to sail with him. Consequently, hearing of this, I, a boy of twelve years, decided to ask him for a job.

He was alone, making preparations to go to the castle to see the King and Queen, when I met him. It was the day before he was to set sail. I went up to him and asked him if I might accompany him on his voyage. He said he already had acquired a cook, but I might go as cabin boy. I accepted his offer as cabin boy, slave to the sailors.

The time had come to set sail, and for the first time in my life I saw the King

of Spain, Ferdinand. It seemed to me that all the people in Spain were at the docks. As the time passed, I became nervous, for I had not told my father of my new job. My father was somewhere in the crowd so I decided to hide in the cabin of the *Santa Maria*, the ship to which I had been assigned. I was sorry to leave but it was too late to turn back. We were leaving port. The sailors with rather grave faces told me that much adventure was in store for me. We had placed our faith in Columbus.

Slowly the mainland disappeared, and I saw the water roll back and forth and up and down. Then I fell on the deck and rolled over and over. When I awoke, I was in a bunk in the kitchen.

The cook was fat and jolly, and after a short time we were like old friends. His name was Dudley and mine was Kirk Cortez. He was called "Cooky" and I acquired the name of "Binny". I didn't like the name at first, but I got used to it—I mean I had to get used to it.

Also after a few weeks at sea, I became accustomed to the work which consisted of scrubbing decks, sweeping floors, making up the bunks, and many other things. I became well acquainted with Columbus and we were good friends.

We had trouble with the rudder of one ship, and had to stay at the Canary Islands for a few weeks. While we were on shore, I feasted on cocoanuts and dates. A friendly native gave me a monkey named Chico. He was very playful and mischievous. He became the mascot of the *Santa Maria*.

We were at sea again, bound for only God knew where. When we left, some of the sailors tried to escape, but they were caught. In a very short time our

supplies became very low. Chico died and I was almost heart-broken. We put the monkey in a bag with a small anchor attached and dropped him over the side of the ship. After that the sailors planned mutiny, but it failed.

To keep up the courage of the men Columbus promised a reward to the man who saw land first. Many times we thought we saw land, but we were always mistaken.

Cooky became thinner and thinner. We tried to keep the fact that our supplies were low from the sailors, for we were afraid that they would start killing themselves if they knew. Finally we had to break the news and prepare ourselves for the results. One thing that we did have, though, was a good supply of fresh water.

Then land was sighted by Columbus. We went on shore and Columbus placed a large Spanish Flag in the sand. We searched for riches. The natives were very strange and Columbus called them Indians.

Then, saddened because we could not find any of the riches for which the Indies were famous, we set sail for home. When we reached home, I found that my father had become a prosperous merchant and had re-married. Also he owned a few ships.

I decided that my life was to be spent as a sailor. I soon became Captain on a small vessel belonging to my father. Every year I made a trip to India to get spices.

Thrilling as my trips to India might seem to you, I never shall have another such experience as I did at the time when I went with Columbus; and I know that I shall never meet such a great man as he, no matter how old I live to be.

Henry Patnaude '44

MEMORIES

With my memories I have laid up for myself a vast storehouse. It is exclusively my own possession and I, myself, and no one else owns the key. It is a wonderful thing, is this storehouse. There it stands, unmoved by any earthly element, for after all, what is it but a castle in the air? What a wonderful feeling it is to know that I have something behind me all the time, already ready and willing to yield its utmost to me whenever I need it, in times of joy or sorrow.

If I am unhappy and sad, and tears seem to be on the way, I run quickly to my storehouse; and looking at the doors, I unlock the one lettered "Happy Memories". Then allowing these to take possession of me, I forget my unhappiness and live again these moments of joy. When I have finished with them, I put them back in their right places for another occasion.

If I am angry at one of my friends or one who is not my friend, I have only to think of some good this person has done me; and I immediately become ashamed of myself. If I am feeling puffed up, I think of some foolish blunder I have made; and I remember that little saying "Pride Goeth Before A Fall." If I am contemplating doing something I ought not to do, I go to my storehouse; and with guilty eyes I look at the door identified by the words "Unpleasant Memories." My conscience stings me as these memories circulate through my mind, and I remember my mother's sad face or someone whose feelings I have hurt as a result of the last escapade I yielded to. Then, tempted to let them fly loose, I lock up these memories again, knowing that they will help me to stay on the straight and narrow path.

So lay up for yourself a storehouse of memories. Keep adding to it memories of all kinds, pleasant and unpleasant; and it will be there when you go along with your key to unlock the door, and unquestionably it will help you.

Esther Robie '42

RETRIBUTION!

There appeared on an April morning in a newspaper in Ireland the following obituary:

"Thomas Moore O'Leary was lost overboard on a ship heading from England to Australia. British authorities aboard declined to make any investigation."

I

"Hello, Tom!" The words came from a half-smiling, generous mouth through prison bars, and were addressed to a slim man about thirty-four years of age who was walking by a cell with the British prison guard. The man called "Tom" turned and looked at Pat Riley, a young Irish "rebel" inside the cell. At first he attempted to smile, but suddenly he paled as he looked into Riley's eyes—fierce, burning, eyes that blazed with suppressed hatred and the Gaelic anger that fired Pat's inner being.

Tom O'Leary wheeled about and started off quickly. One word followed him, sounding as though it came from an outraged God damning him to eternal fire. That word, low but fierce as a lion's roar, came from Riley inside the cell, "Informer!"

II

Franklin Adams seemed frightened. Accompanied by two men who looked suspiciously like London Metropolitan Police, he was boarding a ship for Australia. They seemed to be reassuring him as they walked toward the gangplank. Suddenly a piercing yell

rent the air. "They got them all—all but me! Even when they got to Australia they weren't safe. They got them—" Here his voice broke and two men hustled him up the plank to the ship. There they spoke a few words to a man in ship uniform and returned to land.

III

Mr. Adams evidently didn't care for company on board. He soon came to be designated by his fellow-travelers as "The Hermit". He peered furtively around, continually regarding everyone with suspicion.

On one particular April night he stood alone at the rear of the top deck. He looked back at the water churned away by the ship. Suddenly he sensed someone behind him. He whirled swiftly around, suddenly alarmed. His entire body shook, for the first thing he saw was a pair of blazing eyes. A low voice thick with hate rolled out, "Hello, Tom."

He tried to speak, "Pat, I—I didn't —"

A strong arm shot out. An open hand shot forward and gripped the throat of "The Hermit", and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. With a final vicious thrust the body was hurled overboard. Only a sighing wind heard the throaty growl that half-smiling lips framed into the most hated verbal designation in Ireland—"Informer."

Mary Tangney '41

THE LAST SHOT

Jack's sister, who depended on him for her living expenses, was sobbing quietly. Amid her tears, she pleaded in heart-broken sentences.

"Don't touch It! For your own sake as well as mine, leave It alone! Don't go near It again!"

Jack listened patiently, and then attempted to reason with his worried sister.

"What harm can It do to me now, just shooting It once more?"

Another sob escaped.

"Besides, who knows but this last shot will get me what I want?"

Looking toward the safe where he kept It, he muttered these words, "That rich heiress with all those jewels on. One more shot and I'll hold my prize catch. I can't stop now just because my sister doesn't like It. Her fear that I'll miss is foolish. Women, bah!"

Quickly he opened the concealed hiding-place and withdrew It. He departed with a slam of the kitchen door, leaving his sister to grieve over his decision.

Arriving at the entrance to the hotel where the heiress was to appear, he realized that he was early.

A walk around the block and a cigarette helped to break his nervous tension. Now he was all set. She would arrive anytime.

The cigarette slipped from his lips as he beheld what was before him. The ermine wrap she wore seemed like a robe of beauty in itself, but her gems outshone even the bright hotel lights. His fingers grasped It. He shot once, twice, three times!

Quickly he ran until he was a safe distance away. Then he removed It from the inside coat pocket of his suit.

He'd have to give It up as "Sis" had said.

"I feel proud that I have the only photograph of these gems; but despite all that, I've taken my last shot. No telling how much of his salary a camera fiend can spend for useless pictures."

Marjorie Hartman '43

THE COUNTRY STORE

Are you planning a trip through New Hampshire? If you are, you will be likely to run across some little towns which are still considered old-fashioned. As you travel through one of these small towns you will be likely to observe a small general store; and if you stop and look inside you will see a group of men seated around an old cast-iron stove. Let us, for the moment, pretend that you walk in to get some cigarettes or tobacco. You will probably remain unnoticed for a few minutes; then perhaps the storekeeper will speak up in these words, "Howdy, Stranger. Won't you join us?" If you sit down with the rest of the party, you will probably be asked to tell them of your experiences. If you are unable or can't recall any, one will say:

"Well, listen to Jim Brown. He may give you some ideas."

Jim tells his old story of the time he got caught in the cow's horns.

"Well," he begins, "you see, the danged old cow got out of the pasture again and I was kinda mad, so I put her in the barn so that I could fix the fence. Well, I got her in all right and went upstairs to feed her. You see, I had an opening just above the cow's head, and I fed her through that. Well, I fed her some hay, and at that moment Lizzie, that's my wife, called me. Well, I put the fork back and was just going to come down when my foot slipped and I went through the hole. Well, Sir, I landed right between her horns and could not get loose. Lizzie heard the noise and came over. She said, 'Why, Jim! What are you doing there?'

"I only bellowed, 'Well, hang it! Don't just stand there. Do something!'

Just then there will be a roar of laughter, and Jim's face will turn red.

Finally one of the men will say, "Well, Stranger, what's your story?"

"I haven't any," you may answer, "but I think that I'll be seeing more of the Country Store."

Albert Bocash '43

USONIA?

Our country has for the last two hundred years been called the "United States of America." There is nothing really wrong with this name, but many think it would look better as an appositive than as a title. Of course, we have no more right to call ourselves the "United States of America" than any of the other many governments made up of united states. Because of this fact, throughout the history of our nation, men have advocated that we adopt a more definite title.

In the early days of the republic many people wished to have our country called "Freedomia." This idea soon faded out and was replaced by other similar names. Not so very long ago someone had the bright idea that we call our country "Usa," taking the first letter from the words "United States" and "America," and ourselves "Usans".

This did not strike many people as being any better than our present name. However, "Usa" was soon followed by a better, finer sounding, and more practical name. By taking the first letter from the words which form the title *United States of North America*, and adding an "i", someone had created "Usonia." This is much more practical than any other suggested title and has many backers. Who knows? Some day we all may be "Usonians."

Vincent Cassidy, Jr. '41



Poetry

LIFE

O'er rocky bed,
Through wooded glen,
Now raging,
Now calm,
On flows the stream of life.
On to the thundr'ing waterfall,
And thus
Into the pit of death.

DEATH

Death,
Dark death,
A piercing arrow
Striking swiftly
To leave a gaping passage
For our very life
To ebb away.
Evil death
Taking silent toll
Without pity,
Leaving grief and sadness.
The dramatic finale
Of life.

Mary Dorman '41

SPRING

Can it be that spring's the reason
For that troubled soul within?
Can it be that spring's the reason
For that stabbing dull and dim?
Can it be, perhaps, that
When spring has gone its way,
Life will once again resume
Its steady, even sway?

THE LIGHTHOUSE

A ghostly tower
Against the sky,
Which winks at ships
As they pass by.
At night the beacon's
Blinking there
To greet each captain's
Searching stare.

Elaine Muzzey '41

USED-TO-BE

Beyond the purple hazy trees
 Of summer's utmost boundaries,
 Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
 Beyond the range of eyes like these,
 And only in the reach of the
 Enraptured gaze of memory,
 There lies a land, long lost to me,
 The land of Used-to-be!

A land where music ever girds
 The air with belts of songs so sweet
 That even in the low of herds,
 A meaning lives so dear to me,
 That laughter ripples limpidly
 From lips brimmed over with the glee
 Of rare old Used-to-be!

A land of love and dreamy thoughts,
 Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,
 And all ye blooms that longingly
 Lift your faces up to me
 Out of the past, I kiss in ye
 The lips of Used-to-be!

Mitchell Skibb '43

TIT FOR TAT

The men complain of women's hats;
 They say they are atrocious.
 We think the same thing of their socks;
 They simply are ferocious.

They say our hats are crazy,
 "Not a good one in a row,"
 And yet they wear those awful socks
 Just for gaudy show.

They joke about the color
 And complain incessantly,
 And yet their socks, red, yellow, green,
 Are exposed for all to see.

So a word of advice to the men folks—
 Take it on women's hats,
 For the case of our hats and men's socks
 Is entirely tit for tat.

Esther Robie '42

TO A BATTLEFIELD

The sights you have seen are many,
 And what a strange story you tell
 Of the soldiers who fought for freedom
 'Til into death's clutches they fell.

Flowing blood blotted your green grass,
 Cruel shells once blew up your trees,
 So that not again in the reign of time
 Will they sway back and forth in the
 breeze.

You heard the tramping of many feet,
 The death-like shrill of the battle cry,
 Young boys marching into the battle,
 Not to glory, but only to die.

Then the fierce fighting was over,
 The blue skyline turned into gray,
 And many a boy with whitened brow
 On your green turf quietly lay.

But years have passed by in succession,
 And birds in your bushes now dwell,
 Not afraid of the roar of the field guns
 Or the noise of the bursting shells.

Harold Bean '41

SUNRISE

Up from behind the wooded hill,
 Up into the sky, clear and still,

Through the trees it shines in streams,
 And down upon the snow it gleams.

The weather vane, the next it strikes,
 And then the chimney tops it sights.

Strong it shines with all its light,
 'Til all the world is glowing bright.

Up the sun rises into the blue,
 Dawns another day, fresh and new.

Lester Richardson '42

TO-MORROW

To-day is ending, to-morrow is near.

Will it bring sorrow, or happiness and
good cheer?

Will it rain, snow, or dawn clear and
bright?

We'll have to wait for to-morrow's
light.

Are you ready and waiting for to-
morrow's sun,

Or have you some school work that
isn't done?

I hope you consider your work well
enough

And are ready to call to-morrow's
bluff.

Do the birds come and sing when the
dawn is near?

Do they foretell happiness in the
coming year?

From the trill of the lark to the hum of
the bees

We wonder in summer what to-mor-
row will be.

Is that thunder I hear? Or is it snow on
the roof?

Or maybe it's my brother with an
aching tooth.

Our house is as sturdy as a house should
be,

So it's probably my ears playing tricks
on me.

Well to-morrow's here and what does it
bring?

Suppose we let you decide that thing.
It's a little secret between me and the
weather,

A secret that he can tell you better.

Charles Saunders '44



MOVIES

MOTION PICTURE SUGGESTIONS

"Northwest Mounted Police"—a very exciting picture of the Northwest, depicting the high standards which the Mounted Police must meet.

"The Thief of Bagdad"—a fantastic story of a far-a-way land.

"High Sierra"—the struggle by a notorious criminal of the West to escape the law.

"The Philadelphia Story"—the story of a rich society girl, her likes, her dislikes, and her loves. It all takes place in Philadelphia.

"Kitty Foyle"—the tale of a working girl in a large city.

"The Long Voyage Home"—the tale of a thrilling ocean voyage.

"Santa Fe Trail"—a historical movie dealing with the settlement of the early West.

DARK VICTORY

"Dark Victory" is a motion picture in which the actors portray emotions in such a manner as to stir the whole audience. The leading roles are played by Bette Davis and George Brent, and it is by such great actors that a movie may be made dramatic and emotional.

The heartaches which are endured by the actress, because of an incurable disease, are enough to bring tears into the eyes of many spectators. The entire story is so true to life that the audience can easily imagine the same incidents occurring in real life.

The movie was not complicated in the least, for anyone could have recognized the significance of the story immediately, and the ending was logical but quite unusual.

This movie was very quickly selected as the best of the 1939-1940 movies by the Senior Class.

Helen Kiesel '41

BOOM TOWN

"Boom Town" takes place at the time of the oil booms. It shows very clearly how, during those oil booms, a man could become a millionaire one minute and a pauper the next.

Playing in the main roles are Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr, and Claudette Colbert. They are all magnificent in their roles.

Big John (Clark Gable) and Square John (Spencer Tracy) are the best of friends. Then Big John marries Spencer Tracy's girl (Claudette Colbert). They are still friends; but when Big John does not seem true to his wife, Square John and Big John become enemies. Later in the story, they bury the hatchet under a bottle of whiskey.

Just to make the story more interesting, Big John, then a millionaire, falls in love with his news agent (Hedy Lamarr). Still later Big John is on trial for trying to monopolize the oil business. In the end, however, everything is straightened out by Square John.

"Boom Town" is a very fast-moving drama that depicts life at the time of the oil boom very well.

Leslie Durke '42

THE SEA-HAWK

From the movie-goers in the Class of '43 came these selections, "Northwest Passage", starring Spencer Tracy, and "Gone With the Wind", starring Vivian Leigh; but still another favorite, "The Sea-Hawk", had many votes.

"The Sea-Hawk", starring iron-fisted Errol Flynn and Brenda Marshall, is a story of sea piracy. Errol Flynn is an English sea pirate. Through his aid, Queen Elizabeth succeeds in defeating Spain after an attempt is made by a Spanish spy to trick England.

If you want to enjoy a fast-moving, historical motion picture with a picturesque setting see "The Sea-Hawk."

Marjorie Hartman '43

TYPHOON

"Boom Town" was elected the most popular movie by the class of 1944, but "Typhoon" ran a close second.

In "Typhoon" the main roles are played by Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, Lynne Overman, and J. Carol Naish. It is the story of south sea island adventure.

The picture shows Lynne Overman as a race track tout who buys a submarine and goes to the South Seas to hunt black pearls. Instead he finds Robert Preston, who in turn finds Dorothy Lamour.

There is some fast action in the picture when there is a typhoon and a fire.

Elaine Pitt '44

LA VOIX FRANCAISE

LA LUNE

La lune très belle
Et majestueuse
Voit tout par le ciel;
Elle ne dit rien,
Mais elle pense bien
A tout qui s'en va et vient.
Le peuple qui court
Au-dessous de son flambeau
Ne pense pas aux choses
Qu'elle essaie de faire;
Mais toujours comme
Une camarade,
La lune offre son
Amicable lumière.

Elaine Muzzey '41

MES MEMOIRES

Le jour est beau,
Le sol est dans le ciel;
Mais je suis seul
Avec mes mémoires, mes
Mémoires de meilleurs jours
Quand je ne savais que le bonheur,
Quand chaque jour a apporté
Quelque chose de nouveau,
Quelque petite joie pour moi—
J'aime la vie, car elle m'a
Fait plus âgé, plus intelligent;
Aujourd'hui je laisse l'ancienne vie,
Et il fait beau.

Phyllis Johnson '41

LOUIS PASTEUR

Je vois votre air d'amour et d'amitié,
Envers tous les hommes les meilleurs
pensées.
Si chaque personne avait fait sa vie
Comme vous avez fait la vôtre,
Quel bon monde nous aurions!

Claire Griffin '41

MAIS OUI

"Alors, votre devoir
Je désire voir;
Vous l'avez fini
Pour aujourd'hui,
Je suis très sur,"
Dit le professeur.
"Qu'avez-vous? Tiens!"
"Moi, je n'ai rien."
"Maintenant, pourquoi?"
"Je ne sais pas."
"Vous savez qu'il le faut."
"Non, je pense que non."
"Nous parlerons de ceci
A deux heures et demie,
N'est-ce pas, mon ami?"
"Mais je ne—mais oui."

Vincent Cassidy, Jr. '41

LE PRINTEMPS

Le printemps est la saison quand les fleurs et les arbres commencent à croître. En ce temps les oiseaux aussi retournent.

Le premier signe de l'arrivée du printemps est le vent de mars. Aussi quand nous voyons les bluets qui commencent à fleurir, nous savons que le printemps est ici.

Voilà bien des changements qui ont lieu quand le printemps arrive. Le ciel devient clair et chaud. Les pluies d'avril rendent très beau le printemps.

Tout le monde aime le printemps parce que c'est la fin d'un long hiver. Je crois que le printemps est le vrai ami de tous.

Doris M. Plimpton '41

UNE PETITE HISTOIRE DE MA VIE

Je suis un petit mot. On m'a appelé "chant". Je veux dire "to sing". Les peuples qui ont parlé latin m'ont appelé "canto". Quand ils sont allés en France (qui est donc appelé la Gaule) ils m'ont porté avec eux. Les Gaules ont écouté quand ils ont parlé de moi, et ils se sont souvenus de moi. Ils n'ont pas bien écouté les Romains et ils ont pensé que je me suis appelé "chanter"; ainsi ils m'ont appelé "chanter". Puis les Normands ont vaincu une partie de la France. Quand Guillaume le Conquérant est allé en Angleterre en dix cent soixante-six, il m'a apporté et a parlé de moi aux peuples d'Angleterre. Les peuples ne m'ont pas bien écouté et ils ont pensé que je me suis appelé "chant"; ainsi ils m'ont appelé "chant" et me voici! Aujourd'hui je veux dire en Anglais demi-chanter et demi-parler, ou "half sing and half chant". Mes difficultés sont finies et je suis très heureux en anglais.

Barbara Brooks '42

L'ACADEMIE FRANCAISE

L'Académie Française est composée de quarante hommes qui sont très intelligents. L'Académie a été fondée en seize cent trente-cinq par Richelieu. Le but de l'Académie était de critiquer la littérature des Français et aussi de perfectionner la langue française.

L'honneur le plus grand que la France peut donner à un homme est de lui nommer un membre de l'Académie Française. Pour être nommé, il faut qu'on sollicite les voix de tous les membres de l'Académie.

Beaucoup de grands auteurs de France ne sont pas devenus membres de l'Académie parce qu'ils n'ont pas voulu sol-

liciter les voix. Si quelqu'un devient un membre, il tient sa position pendant toute sa vie.

L'Académie a beaucoup aidé la langue et la littérature de France. C'est une des institutions les plus vieilles de France.

Vincent Ferdinando '42

LE PETIT FRANCOIS

Le petit réfugié était parmi le groupe qui demeurait dans l'ancienne école sur la colline dans ma ville. J'avais vu ce garçon quelques fois quand j'avais rendu une visite pour apporter des cadeaux. Toutes les fois il m'avait suivi partout. De temps en temps j'ai pensé à lui, involontairement, à ses yeux bruns, à sa figure pâle; et je savais qu'il sentait vivement la faim.

Un jour j'ai rendu une visite. Aussitôt que j'y suis entré, il a commencé à me suivre. Enfin j'ai remarqué qu'il serrait ma robe.

"Pourquoi m'avez-vous suivi, et pourquoi serrez-vous ma robe?" lui ai-je dit.

Le petit a fondu en larmes, et il a dit, "Je vous demande pardon, Madame. Je ne voulais pas vous donner du peine. Mais Madame, vous ressemblez tant à ma pauvre mère que je n'y puisse rien sauf vous suivre."

J'ai pris la main du petit garçon et je suis allé au bureau. J'ai demandé la permission d'apporter le garçon chez moi pour l'habiller. On m'a donné la permission.

Le petit François ne pouvait pas renfermer sa joie. Quant à moi, j'ai éprouvé un bonheur que je n'ai jamais su auparavant.

Mary V. Dorman '41



Station P A C



CLASS NOTES

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Calling Station Seniors, Room 6.

Flash!

The Seniors continue on their way to a most successful year!

Flash!

The Senior Play was a tremendous success. The play, entitled "Going On Seventeen," was presented January 31 at the Adams Memorial Hall. Miss Rowell directed the production, and without her the play would not have been what it was. The following were members of the cast:

Elsa	Pearl Bartlett
Buddy Carhart	Stanley Kuligowski
Mrs. Kate Carhart	Doris Plimpton
Florence Carhart	Marcia Smith
Craig Vincent	Alfred Gates
Tom Williams	Adrien Adam
Paul	Gordon Robie
Shrimpie	Arthur Scott
Joan Vincent	Barbara Weston
Lillums	Pauline Woodbury
Frank Carhart	Roland Carpenter
Helen	Ruth Welch
Doris	Doris Dumont
Agnes	Bertha Smith

Flash!

The Senior Class have received their class rings, and we certainly are mighty proud of them. The design chosen was that showing the front of the Academy, the door, steps, and tower. Our rings were made by the Loren Murchison Company.

Flash!

On the afternoon of February 26, the annual Senior Boys' and Girls' basketball game was held. The boys were led by "Baked Bean", and the girls were led by "Mess-um-up" Messier. After a hard-fought struggle the girls were victorious over the boys, 7—3.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Station PAJ.

Flash!

In twelve seconds it will be exactly five o'clock, Junior watch time. Buy Junior, J-u-n-i-o-r, the masterpiece of fine watchmaking.

The makers of Hackler Wheat Cereal bring you the latest news of the Junior Class at Pinkerton Academy.

Flash!

The Junior Boys organized an excellent basketball team this year, and chose John Levandowski as their captain. Superior to all other class teams in school, excluding the Freshman, the Junior Team was the winner of the second half in interclass games. The boys fought anxiously for the trophy, but the opposing team won the play-off. Nevertheless, the Junior Team was one to be proud of.

Flash!

Lack of Junior Girls made it impossible for the Juniors to really enter regular interclass competition. Evangeline

Bennett was manager, and Barbara Brooks was the capable little captain of the team.

Flash!

Albert Miller, Roland Bonenfant, Paul Myers, and Jimmy Hayes (who was with us our Freshman year), have volunteered to help Uncle Sam in his defense program. All of the boys enlisted in the navy. The Class of '42 sends best wishes to them.

Flash!

A committee consisting of Gladys Watts, Clayton Varney, and Avalon Crosby was chosen to select a play for the Junior Class to present. The comedy chosen was "College Daze." The parts have been cast and rehearsals are in progress. Remember the date, April 21, and the place—Adams Memorial Hall!

Flash!

The hall was decorated with red, white and blue crepe paper and gold eagles and stars. The music of Ly Forrest's Orchestra floated across the floor which was covered with dancers. You are right! It was the Junior Prom. The Class of 1942 is proud of this successful social event which has gone down in the Class History.

Flash!

Sometimes I wonder:

1. Who "Esther" is. (Ask MacWha).
2. Why Alberta is fond of the Army.
3. How Bob Evans might have been Carnival King.
4. What two tiny Junior boys were doing in the Nashua Police Station the morning after the Junior Prom.
5. Why Dot Merrill has been spending more time in her father's store lately.
6. Why Beth is trying to make "Oh,

Johnny" a popular song once more.

7. If our Class President actually danced at the Junior Prom.
8. Why Rebecca has taken such a sudden interest in the movies.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Station S-O-P-H under the sponsorship of K. P. T. Dog Food brings you the latest reports of the Sophomore Class at Pinkerton Academy.

Flash!

In athletics, the Sophomores turned out in large numbers. Many of our boys and girls made the varsity basketball teams and played games of skill and good sportsmanship.

The Sophomore Girls' Basketball Team won the trophy for a second year at the close of the season. After a hard struggle with those plucky Freshmen, the Sophs won a victory again. Captain Margaret Manning and Manager Irene Martel did much toward the team's success. Thanks go to all the girls from their class.

Flash!

Much to the regret of the many friends she had, Barbara Courser left our class to go to Montverde School in Florida for the remainder of the year.

Flash!

News comes from various sources as to the pastimes and pleasures of the slap-happy Sophomores. Here are a few choice bits.

S. O. S.!

Miss Ball found ski tows and skis very unmanageable, but due to the quick wit of a Junior, everything was soon under control.

Flash!

Is Mr. Thomas the sole reason why

Juniors appear so often in the Sophomore room?

Flash!

At last that "wandering sheik" has been stopped by one of the "Soph" brunettes. *Catchez-vous, Wells?*

Flash!

Miss Clark's motto must be: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but letters help it not to wander." (How much did stamps cost a week, Connie? You should have had a cut-rate.)

Flash!

The following conversation was recently carried on by a Senior and Sophomore (not quote):

R.: I like my ring and I'm going to keep it forever.

K.: You may like it, but you will keep it only as long as you can. I know!

In concluding this broadcast, we wish to express our hope that you, our radio audience, will remember K. P. T. Dog Food when "Brownie" comes home hungry.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

This is station F-R-O-S-H, bringing you the latest flashes on the Freshman Class at P. A.

Flash!

After Christmas vacation the Freshman Class elected officers. They are as follows:

President Bernard Dick

Vice-President ... Pauline Cassidy

Secretary Lorraine Ninan

Treasurer Thomas Caron

Student Council .. Virginia Smith

Robert Bover

Class cheer leaders were also elected. They are Virginia Smith and Glenna Cote.

Flash!

We wonder what the real meaning of Smith and Ninan working on the basket-

ball posters is—and we don't mean Virginia.

Flash!

Navy blue and gold were selected as the class colors. The class wishes to extend their sincere thanks and appreciation to Bernice Martel, Dorothy Merrill, and Pauline Duvarney for making the banner.

Flash!

Visiting Freshman mothers seems to be a favorite pastime of two Junior boys.

Flash!

It is with the greatest regret that we announce the departure of one of our classmates, George Roy, who moved to Lowell. Although he had been here only a short while, George had many friends, and he will be greatly missed.

Flash!

Thanks goes to those unknown conspirators who placed the trophy in the hands of the Freshmen the day before the finals.

Flash!

We feel proud of our boys who came out on top in the inter-class basketball games. Although the girls won the second half, they were defeated by the Sophomore girls in the finals. Our congratulations to both teams and good luck in the years to come.

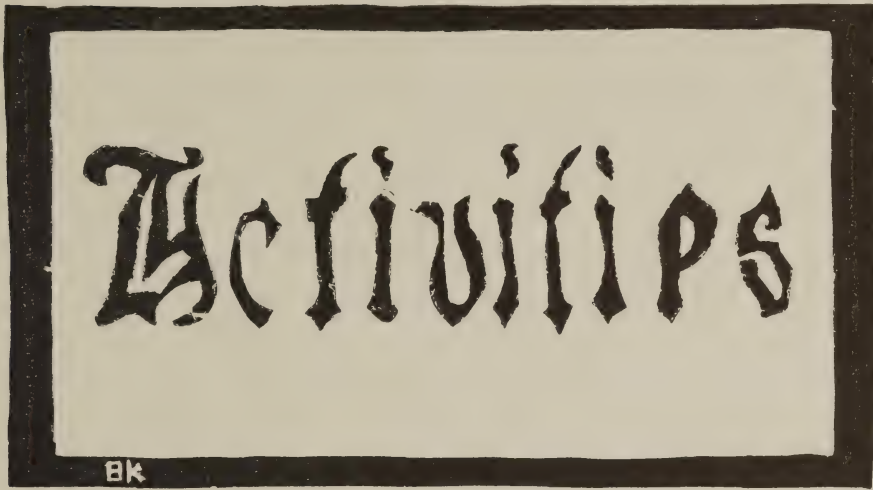
Flash!

It wasn't burglars trying to break into a certain Derry home a few nights ago, but a young lady trying to gain admittance to her own house after being so carefully escorted home by a dashing Freshman. Am I "Wright"?

This is station F-R-O-S-H signing off with the class cheer of the Class of '44.

We are loyal, we are true,
To our colors, Gold and Blue.
For four long years and evermore
We'll cheer the Class of '44.

'44! '44! '44!



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council of Pinkerton Academy is the body through which the students help govern their school. The duties of the council members include maintaining discipline, improving the grounds, and generally supervising the conduct about the school and campus.

The Council is made up of two members from each class, a boy and a girl, and the president of each class. The President of the Senior Class is the President of the Council.

The Council has enjoyed working with Mr. Wright a great deal, and wish to thank him for his splendid co-operation.

GIRL RESERVES

The first meeting of the Girl Reserves was held on September 25, 1940. At that time Miss Fernald and Miss Monfils were chosen as our faculty advisers for the year, and we also made up a temporary program for the year.

Our officers are:

President Mary Kachavos
Vice-President Evangeline Bennett
Secretary Barbara Weston
Treasurer Helen Katsakiores

Committee Chairman

Doris Dumont

Reporter Pauline Woodbury

This year we have sponsored several activities. We have worked on handicraft under the supervision of Miss Hanson. On October 8, 1940, the Freshman Tea was held in the Haynes House. A Thanksgiving basket was given to a needy family in Derry. Four Senior girls and Miss Fernald attended the Conference for Girl Reserve Officers at Bear Hill Pond Camp in Allentown, New Hampshire; and on December 4, 1940, "Mother and Daughter Night" was observed by the mothers and daughters. Miss Evalyn Davis was the guest speaker.

The annual initiation was held January 20, 1941, when Barbara Keith, Phyllis Johnson, Phyllis Wilson, Rita Marquis, Virginia Kelly, Hazel Venner, Bernice Martel, Bertha Wiggin, Jean Young, Helen Berry, Dorothy Merrill, Lorraine Ninan, Muriel Bain, Elaine Pitt, and Hilda Page were initiated. Our speaker was The Reverend Harold Bentley of the Central Congregational Church. His topic was "Friendliness".

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le Cercle Français of Pinkerton Academy was re-organized again in October when the following officers were elected:

President Elaine Muzzey
Vice-President ... Vincent Cassidy
Secretary Phyllis Johnson
Treasurer Donald Gagne
Reporter Virginia Tupper

Le Cercle Français meets twice a month for the purpose of improving French conversation among its members.

During these meetings we learn and sing French songs, play games, and talk French informally. We find these meetings very worthwhile and enjoyable.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' GLEE CLUBS

This year the Glee Clubs, under the direction of Mr. Ralph Matthews, have elected the following officers:

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

President Helen Kisiel
Vice-President ... Pauline Shepard
Secretary Constance Clark
Librarian Wanda Kisiel
Assistant Librarian Lorraine Ninan

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

President Ernest Barka
Vice-President Joseph Booky
Secretary Arthur Mills
Librarian Carl Watts
Assistant Librarians Russell Brooks
 Robert Bover

In December the entire Girls' Glee Club received an invitation from the Derry Woman's Club to sing Christmas songs at one of their meetings. Eight selections were sung at this time, under the direction of Mr. Ralph Matthews, and the group enjoyed its visit very much.

A representative group from the Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Doris Dumont, went to Chester in January. There they sang five selections at the meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association. The group was well received. Refreshments were served following the meeting.

On two occasions, one being Valentine's Day, the Glee Clubs have entertained the Faculty and Student Body with selections appropriate at the time.

"THERMALEERS"

MODEL AIRPLANE CLUB

The Model Airplane Club is now in full swing at the Academy. This Fall, Room D was obtained as a workshop through the willing cooperation of members of the faculty and Mr. Rider. This room is excellently suited for the purpose, and is of just the right size to accommodate the club's members. Benches and work tables have been built for the construction and study of various models and aerodynamical factors vital to flight. The room really looks like a hanger with numerous models, completed and under construction, suspended from the ceiling and covering the benches. The club has a library corner which contains all the recent issues of leading aviation magazines which the members have access to at all times.

At the third meeting officers were elected as follows:

President Kenneth Senter, Jr.
Secretary Harold Dubeau
Treasurer Joseph Guilbeault

Much interest has been stimulated by the various activities of the club; and with several new gas models under con-

struction, it is hoped that the future holds unlimited possibilities for this organization.

THE PRESENT DAY HISTORY CLUB

The Present Day History Club is conducting its meetings most successfully under the expert guidance of Mr. Hackler.

The members joined voluntarily, and attend regularly. They all enjoy the informal, but orderly discussions. The leaders of the meetings are the students, who choose the topics and conduct the meetings in turn. The topics are concerned with present day world problems.

This year's officers are:

PresidentLouis DiPietro
Vice-PresidentElaine Muzzey
Secretary ...Clifford MacDougall
TreasurerRalph Watts

LATIN CLUB

This year a Latin Club has been organized at Pinkerton, with members consisting chiefly of second-year Latin students. With Miss Christine Fernald as the adviser, the club meets twice a month at the homes of the members. They have been working on an original play which will be presented in Assembly very soon.

The officers are as follows:

PresidentGeorge Patten
Vice-PresidentGrace Bibeault
SecretaryConnie Clark
TreasurerWalter Robertson

THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

Last month, we, three members of the Home Management Class, received permission to live for one week at the Haynes House with our instructor, Miss Frances Hanson.

There we did all the work and carried out all the details of home management. We also planned, purchased, prepared, and served our meals. Breakfast and dinners were served "at home", and lunches were put up to take to school. The duties rotated so that each girl had a chance at each duty. Definite hours were set aside for studying.

We deeply appreciate having had the privilege of being the first to live at the Haynes House. It was good experience for all of us, and we sincerely hope that more girls of Pinkerton Academy will be able to have the same privilege that we had.

Gladys Watts '42
Phyllis Wilson '42
Gwendolyn Doubleday '42

LETTERMEN'S ASSOCIATION

PresidentErnest Barka
Vice-PresidentJames Gagnon
SecretaryElwin Bailey
TreasurerDouglas Mitchell

PINKERTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

PresidentErnest Barka
Vice-PresidentDoris Dumont
SecretaryMarcia Smith
TreasurerGeorge Katsakiores

ATHLETIC NOTES



BASKETBALL

Flash!!! This is Albert Shaw bringing you news about the sports of the day. Tonight we wish to call to your attention a small school which is located in Derry Village, New Hampshire. Reports of the courage and fine team-play of the Pinkerton Academy Quintet have penetrated to my ears, and I would like to have you hear about them.

Tonight as a special feature we have asked the Pinkerton Academy athletes to appear on this program and to say a few words. But first, let us go back over the season at Pinkerton.

The first game of the season was played at Methuen, where after a hard struggle the boys were defeated by a score of 36-35. For the next game, they journeyed to Tilton with hopes of a victory, and they were not disappointed. They won by a score of 36-29. Then after losing three very close games, they defeated Woodbury by a score of 51-23. After this they won five out of the last seven games. To make the season a complete success Pinkerton triumphed over its traditional rival, Sanborn, in two scheduled games. Any season is considered a success if Pinkerton wins these games.

The results of the games were as follows:

Pinkerton	30	Alumni	31
"	35	Methuen	36

Pinkerton	36	Tilton J. V.'s	29
"	23	Lawrence Central	29
"	29	Milford	31
"	28	Methuen	29
"	51	Woodbury	23
"	20	Milford	28
"	24	Manchester Central	49
"	33	Lawrence Central	18
"	33	Sanborn	30
"	29	Tilton J. V.'s	20
"	54	Woodbury	32
"	47	Sanborn	30

Now let us hear from each member of the team. First, we will have a few words from Captain Barka.

"As Captain, I would like to say that all the boys appreciate this opportunity to talk over the radio. I would like to say that, in my opinion, a captain has never had a better group of teammates to back him up in the games than I have had. Thank you."

Our second speaker will be a Senior who was on the Varsity for the first time this year. He worked with Captain Barka to make a strong defense which opponents found very difficult to get through. Elwin Bailey.

"The team had a good season and we were glad to represent Pinkerton Academy on the basketball court. I wish the best of luck to the team next year."

Thank you, Elwin. Here's a few words from that quiet member of the Junior Class who brought misery to his opponents with his faultless passing, dribbling, and accurate shooting, John Levandowski.

"We had a swell season. Won seven and lost seven. We were not discouraged when we lost four games by one point. We will be better next year, I hope."

Thank you, Johnny. Let's have a few

words from the other Junior member of the team, who is always in there fighting, win or lose, Franklin Allgeyer.

"I thought that we had a very good season. It was a lot of fun playing with the other members of our team, and they were all very good sports."

Thank you, Frank. And last, but not least, the Sophomore member of the team, whose shooting from all over the court made opponents tremble in their shoes. George Willey.

"It was a very good season in view of the fact that only one veteran from last year's team returned. As we won the last five straight games, we are looking forward to a good season next year."

Thank you, George. Now for a few words from the man who developed these boys, and made a team from a group which had only one veteran basketball player. Coach Thomas Clark.

"Inasmuch as there was but one letterman available, the boys did remarkably well for being an inexperienced group. With all but two of the entire squad returning next season, Pinkerton Academy can look forward to a good season."

Thank you very much, Mr. Clark, and congratulations for your fine coaching of these boys. I am sure you will have a good season next year.

And now it is time for me to sign off until tomorrow, when I shall be back with more human interest stories about sports.

Inter-class Basketball

A close season was experienced in inter-class competition. The Juniors went out to win the cup for a second time and won the first half. The Freshmen were just as determined and won the second half. The finals were played as a preliminary to the Tilton-J. V.'s game. The Freshmen defeated the

Juniors with a score of 26 to 15, and were presented with the traditional trophy suitably inscribed. So that the Juniors would not be jealous, they were presented a replica of the trophy.

The members of the Champion Freshman Team were Captain Russell Brooks, Robert Bover, Thomas Caron, Harold Chapman, Thurman Johnson, George Kachavos and Charles Sing.

THE TOWNSEND TOURNAMENT

Pinkerton Academy again this year entered the Townsend Tournament, but unfortunately they were not nearly as successful as last year. This year they met Marlboro, New Hampshire, as the first opponent, and defeated them by a score of 29-24. This victory set Pinkerton in line to play Milford, New Hampshire, a team that had already defeated them twice this year. In this game, which was a close battle, Pinkerton led all through the first half, but was defeated by a last period splurge which brought the score to 27-23, in favor of Milford. This disqualified Pinkerton from any further competition in the tournament, and brought a very successful year to a close. We can look forward to another successful year in 1941-1942, because many players on the varsity are underclassmen.

BASKETBALL SEASON ENDS WITH BANQUET

On March 18 the Pinkerton Basketball Team was given a banquet. The toastmaster was Mr. Harry McKinney, who presented the speakers. Speeches were made by Mr. Wright, Coach Clark, Mr. Conner and Captain Barka.

The varsity was announced and presented with letters. Those receiving letters were Captain Ernest Barka, Elwin Bailey, Franklin Allgeyer, John

Levandowski, George Willey, and Donald Wells.

One of the highlights of the banquet was the election of next year's varsity basketball team captain.

LETTERMEN IN FOOTBALL

At the end of the football season last Fall, the following students received letters:

Elwin Bailey (Captain)
 Franklin Allgeyer
 Ernest Barka
 Roland Dion
 Roland Chadwick
 John Gagnon
 George Katsakiores
 Robert Larmondra
 George LaPorte
 Douglas Mitchell
 George Patten
 Robert Perry
 Roland Pressey
 Arthur Scott
 Howard Senter
 Robert Shaw (Manager)
 Leonard Simpson
 Clayton Varney

Prof: "Late again. What's the story this time?"

Pupil: "Well, Sir, my sisters were afraid of the storm last night and turned the mirror round to the wall. When I came downstairs this morning, I couldn't see myself in the looking glass, and, naturally, I thought I'd gone to school."

Science Prof: "What happens when a body is immersed in water?"

Coed: "The phone rings."



BASKETBALL

White sneakers! Gym suits! Girls, you guessed it. Basketball season had begun. All roads led to the Veterans' Hall where the girls flocked for practice, with Miss Christine Fernald as coach.

After a short period of practice, class games got under way with a fine representation from each class. At the end of both rounds the Sophomore and Freshman girls played off the final game for the championship. It was a rip-roaring game with plenty of thrills right to the end, for both teams were striving for the same thing. The Sophomores finally came through, winning by a score of 9—8 and making the Sophomores champions among the girls' basketball teams.

A Varsity Squad was formed with the following girls: Helen Katsakiores, Pearl Bellevance, Elizabeth Smith, Mary Kachavos, Marjorie McKay, Phyllis Ball, Grace Bibeault, Evangeline Bennett, Barbara Brooks, Helen Berry, Doris Dumont, Marjorie Pingree, and Wanda Kiesel. Helen Katsakiores was elected Captain of the Varsity, while the positions of Manager and Assistant Manager were filled by Bertha Smith and Pauline Shepard respectively.

P. A. Defeats Alumnae

The first Varsity game of the season was played with the Alumnae. Although the Alumnae lacked practice, they still had a fine, fast-moving team. The final score was Pinkerton 19 and Alumnae 11.

Pinkerton Taken Over By Methuen

On January 16, the Pinkerton girls journeyed to Methuen to play their first game of the season on an out-of-town court. The Pinkerton girls fought hard, with Gracie Bibeault making five points out of the nine; but the Methuen girls were to be the stronger, for the resulting score was 39 to 9, in favor of Methuen.

Pinkerton Victorious Over Woodbury

On January 28, 1941, Pinkerton played Woodbury at Veterans' Hall. It was a thrilling game of nip and tuck all the way through. Betty Smith was high scorer for Pinkerton, scoring eight points. The results of the game were Pinkerton 16 and Woodbury 13. It was a well-played game with the two sides almost evenly matched.

Methuen Triumphs Again Over Pinkerton

In a return game, Pinkerton again bowed to Methuen, being defeated with a score of 29-15. Even though P. A. was defeated, the game was almost as good as a victory, for the Pinkerton boosters noticed a decided improvement in the playing of the P. A. team over that in the first game played with Methuen.

In a preliminary game, the Pinkerton Seconds came through with flying colors to defeat the Methuen seconds 15 to 11. Both games showed plenty of action and thrills.

Members of the Home Economics Department kindly served refreshments to both teams at the end of the game.

Sanborn Defeats P. A. Girls By One Basket

On February 13, 1941, the Pinkerton Varsity Squad journeyed to Kingston to play their rival team. With two determined teams playing, plenty of excite-

ment prevailed throughout the entire game. At the end of the first half Pinkerton was leading, but in the second half Sanborn made a come-back. During the last few minutes of the game both teams were tied 21-21; but just before the final whistle, one Sanborn girl took a chance on a shot and made it, winning the game for Sanborn, 21-23. Pearl Bellevance, scoring eleven points, was high scorer for Pinkerton.

Pinkerton Ties Woodbury

In a return game with Woodbury, played in Salem, Pinkerton tied with Woodbury, 14-14. Pinkerton got off to a bad start by having a foul called on them. But that didn't bother them for long, because Pearl Bellevance scored a basket to make up for it. The game was exciting all the way through because of the close score. Pinkerton didn't win this game, but they didn't lose it either.

P. A. Wins Last Game

On February 19, 1941, at Veterans' Hall, Pinkerton played its last game of the season with its greatest rival, Sanborn. Pinkerton girls were determined to win this game because it was their last game and also because Sanborn had beaten P. A. by two points in a previous game. The game got under way with both teams displaying plenty of speed. Phyllis Ball helped roll up the score for Pinkerton, scoring six points. There was tense excitement throughout the game. The final score of Pinkerton was 14 and Sanborn, 13. There was plenty of rejoicing by Pinkerton after that game.

This game ended the season of basketball for the girls. We would like to express our sincere thanks to Miss Fernald for doing such fine work as coach.



H U M O R

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Samson: "I'm strong for you, kid."

The murderer: "Well, I'll be hanged."

Cleopatra: "You're an easy Mark Anthony."

The sausage maker: "Dog gone."

Noah: "It floats!"

The fisherman: "I'll drop a line."

Helen of Troy: "So this is Paris."

The seamstress: "Darn it."

Nero: "Keep the home fires burning."

The judge: "Fine!"

Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh: "Keep your shirt on."

He (shyly): "I'm going to steal a kiss."

She: "Well, let the crime wave begin."

Joe: "I hear you stayed in a haunted house last night. What happened?"

Moe: "About twelve o'clock a ghost came through the wall just as if there were no wall there."

Joe: "And what did you do?"

Moe: "I went through the other wall the same way."

Leslie gave a report on the famous Vichy springs in his French class. Some-time later he went into a famous restaurant and demanded a glass of the famous water. He looked suspiciously at the glass of unpleasant looking liquid he received and demanded: "Hey—what's this? I asked for Vichy water."

"It's the water the haddocks were boiled in, Sir," said the waiter. "It's the only fishy water we've got."

Psychology Prof: "What is a dream?"

Levandowski: "I'm not sure—that is—I just can't describe her."

History Prof (inspecting child's drawing of "The Flight Into Egypt"): "Very good. But what's that dot on the end of the string?"

Pupil: "That's the flea, Sir."

Prof: "The flea?"

Pupil: "Yes, Sir. It says: 'Take the young child and flea into Egypt.'"

"Seems to me," said the little grapefruit, "you're too full of juice."

"I don't want any back-talk from a little squirt like you," retorted the big grapefruit.

Freshman: "Why do you wear such loud socks?"

Senior: "Oh, I just hate to have my feet go to sleep in class."

Biology Prof: "How do you get rid of cooties on the body?"

Pupil: "That's easy. Take a bath in sand and rub down in alcohol. The cooties get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks."

Off the Record:

After careful observation, your reporter is forced to admit that it can't be just the uniform that attracts one of our faculty members.

It's a fact:

Miss Robitaille has broken down that famous Cassidy resistance.

Miss Muzzey has developed a sudden liking for the League Basketball games—or one of the players.

Those letters Miss Garrett receives are postmarked Fort Devens.

Miss Young plays safe and discusses "what Sunday paper he likes best" when he comes a'courtin'.

George Willey causes a lot of comment among the P. A. coeds.

It's fiction:

Gordon Robie's only interest in the Hartman family is Albert.

Howard Senter is bashful.

Bob Perry is girl-proof.

Jimmy Gagnon will give up "girls" for Lent.

The Tilton boys were completely ignored by the P. A. gals.

That Adam doesn't lend his skis to anyone—(How about that freshman blonde? Is she especially privileged?)

Seen Around Town:

Hitting the town's popular eating spots:

Johnny and Beth, with that certain look in their eyes—

Bover and that certain Derry Village Sophomore—

Durkee and Pitt grinning at each other over hamburgers—

Skating:

"Tootsie" and a dark-haired Senior boy—

Margaret Manning, confused in the presence of a Derry Village Senior, saying "mopoly" for "monopoly"—a bad subject in either case—

Phiddie at the P. O. demanding letters from dear old Skowhegan—

The Assistant Basketball Manager's car parked on Wilson Avenue—

CROW
NOTES

What Senior Girl doesn't like to be called "blackbird"?

What is this we hear about "Killer" Robie's extending his "oh" so great influence in the direction of Exeter?

Why must Mr. Bover be a Freshman? "Robbing the cradle" is so obvious, Miss Tupper.

We hear that a certain member of the Senior Class is giving instructions in the art of dancing. In how many easy lessons, Mr. Barka?

We wonder, Miss Johnson, just where the State of Maine is?

We wonder if it would help Mr. Bailey any if he changed his preference from Navy to Army? We know it would in the library.

Why do the girls on the way to school keep looking in back of them to see if anyone is following them? Is it that they want to make sure they get the first ride?

Miss Ball never could make up her mind whether she wanted an athlete or a "cave-man." Well, now she's got both in one.

We understand Barka owes G. Weston fifteen cents. Nice work, Mr. Barka, only next time don't let Mr. Hackler find out about it.



THE ROVING REPORTER

197th C. A. — A. A.
Camp Hulen, Texas
Battery "D"
February 13, 1941

Dear Roving Reporter:

Received your request for news from the alumni of dear old P. A. So here I am greeting you from one of the greatest anti-aircraft training centers in the country.

During the late summer a bill was passed by Congress authorizing the President to call into Federal Service as many National Guard units as he thought necessary. The first unit to be called from New Hampshire was the 197th Coast Artillery (anti-aircraft). At the time of Federal Induction, Pinkerton had three representatives, Arthur Rider "36", Alfred Roy "38", and me. For ten days after induction we were in quarantine at Concord. At this time we were joined by Harold Dexter "36". Physical exams and inoculations filled the ten day period, with the last few days spent in loading flat cars and box cars with trucks, guns and equipment.

On September 26 the regiment left for Camp Hulen, "somewhere in Texas". The regiment left on five different trains traveling over five different routes. Each train was made up of seventeen box and flat cars and four Pullman cars; mail cars were used for rolling kitchens. The temperature when

we left New Hampshire was about 32 degrees. The trip down was very uneventful as we were allowed to leave the train only three times, and not much can be seen from a Pullman window.

Early on the morning of September 30 we were dropped in the middle of the Texas prairie, half way between Galveston and Corpus Christi, with a temperature of 102 degrees. Before our arrival this had been the training ground of Texas's 36th Division, National Guard.

When Uncle Sam took over this 1350 acre area it was deemed possible to install troops at once, so here we were. Good roads criss-crossed the area. Several hundred concrete tent platforms were ready for use. There was an 800-foot artesian well, giving an ample supply of excellent water (before the chlorine was added), mess halls, a small warehouse and rail connections.

Now a little about the Texas part of this Gulf of Mexico country, which is of special interest at this time because it is to be one of the great training areas during the coming months. The continent of North America indulges in a lot of tumbling acts while it is up north all by itself; but as it nears the Gulf, it quiets down and finally, for the last fifty miles or so before reaching the water's edge, stretches away in grassy prairie land, as level as a dining table. Save for clusters of oil derricks, this

land is quite bare. Towns, big and small, are spaced at thirty and fifty mile intervals connected by excellent concrete highways. Speeds of sixty and seventy miles per hour are allowed by the state on these roads—quite different from our New Hampshire speed laws!

Camp Hulen occupies a point at the water's edge a mile west of the small trading and shrimp fishing village of Palacios, normal population about 2500 but now over 6000. This village and the camp are on Tres Palacios Bay, an arm of Matagorda Bay whose outer side is great coastal barrier running from Galveston to Brownwood. This makes our location about twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. A hundred miles to the northeast is Houston, one of the most beautiful cities I have ever seen. This is the promised land for every officer and soldier after pay day.

Our first few weeks were spent in clearing our area of sage brush, thorn bushes, etc. A great deal of time was spent in hunting and killing rattlesnakes, scorpions, black widow spiders, and centipedes. This extermination was a matter of considerable industry for a few months, but even now the prudent soldier, be he Ozark or codfish, had best continue indefinitely to peer cautiously into bed or shoe before venturing to insert therein either the whole or any part of his anatomy.

A day in the army starts at 6:15 with First Call which sets you wondering who woke up the bugler. Much time cannot be spent on this matter because one has to be dressed and out for formation in ten minutes. After the Reveille formation the time is spent in cleaning up quarters and making up bunks. Call for drill is sounded at 8:00; this may be both artillery and infantry. Recall

from drill is at 11:30. From then until 1:00 is your own time. In the afternoon there may be bivouacs, road marches or more artillery drill. Retreat is at 5:00; this is one of the most impressive formations in the army day. So from the first call at the break of dawn to the last note of Taps at 11:00, a soldier's day is filled with education, adventure and fun.

Getting back to Hulen in general, how do these soldiers from widely separated and widely differing parts of our country get on together and what do their interrelations argue as to solidarity and homogeneity of the American Army. The answer in my own point of view is splendid. The thing that I have noted most is that the soldiers from the various states do not mix. There is very little trouble or friction, beyond the poking of a little fun at regional peculiarities or dialect. For example, a lank Missourian down on the pier observed one of the sting-rays that so infest this bay as to prevent swimming at some seasons. This one had met with what a Texan might call "an acciDent" and been gathered to the sting-ray heaven. The soldier remarked, "Reckon he musta tried to bite one o' these here dam' Yankees and hurt hisself".

Our quota here now is complete, with the 203rd from Missouri; 197th from New Hampshire; 211th from Massachusetts; 204th and 105th, Separate Battalions, from Louisiana; 69th from Fort Crockett, Galveston; and the 106th, Separate Battalion, from Kentucky. This brings the population of the area to 10,000 men and 300 officers.

The spirit of everybody here is to push training along just as rapidly as possible in order to have the regiments

ready for active duty, when and if. And the one really burning topic of conversation among the officers and men is—"Where Do We Go From Here—And When?" Most of us are hoping to be back in the North by early Spring.

Texas is all right but give me New Hampshire.

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. Francis R. MacPherson,
P. A. "38"



Exchanges



The number of school papers and magazines published is increasing each year, with every staff endeavoring to make their paper or magazine a better and more worth-while publication each time.

One way for the staff of a school paper to obtain help in improving their magazine or paper is to benefit from their exchange department.

* * *

The addition of the *Crimson and Gray* of Chehalis High School, Chehalis, Washington, to our exchange column is pleasing to us all. Your magazine is very well-organized and has a fine appearance. Congratulations to your entire staff.

* * *

Jean A: "He got an awful fright on his wedding day."

Gloria V: "I know he did; I saw her."

—*Jackson Times*, Jackson Tropic School, Marsillon, Ohio.

* * *

The *Lasell Leaves* of Lasell Junior College, Boston, Massachusetts, continues to remain on our exchange list. P. A. students have enjoyed the reading material in your magazines.

* * *

At Pinkerton Academy we have learned something of the feelings of our northern neighbors in reference to the World Crisis through the editorial in

the *Cape Breton Gateway*, a magazine published by the High School pupils of the Port Hawkesbury Public Schools of Port Hawkesbury, Nova Scotia.

* * *

"The man with a chip on his shoulder always carries an unnecessary load."

* * *

"A wealth of experience is one resource that has not been taxed."

—"This and That" Column, *The Signboard*, Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Massachusetts.

* * *

Officer: "What's the matter?"

V. Richardson: "A man just drove off with my car."

Officer: "Do you know who it was?"

V. Richardson: "No, but I got his license number."

* * *

—*Blue and White*, Methuen High School.

The section "On the Q-T" is a great credit to your magazine.

* * *

Our congratulations to the staff of *The Echo* of Lisbon High School, Lisbon, New Hampshire, for a fine section of poetry and splendid editorials.

* * *

"And Paris," she gushed, "Paris is wonderful. The people were so well educated even the street cleaners spoke French."

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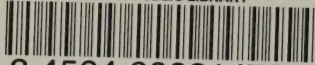
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